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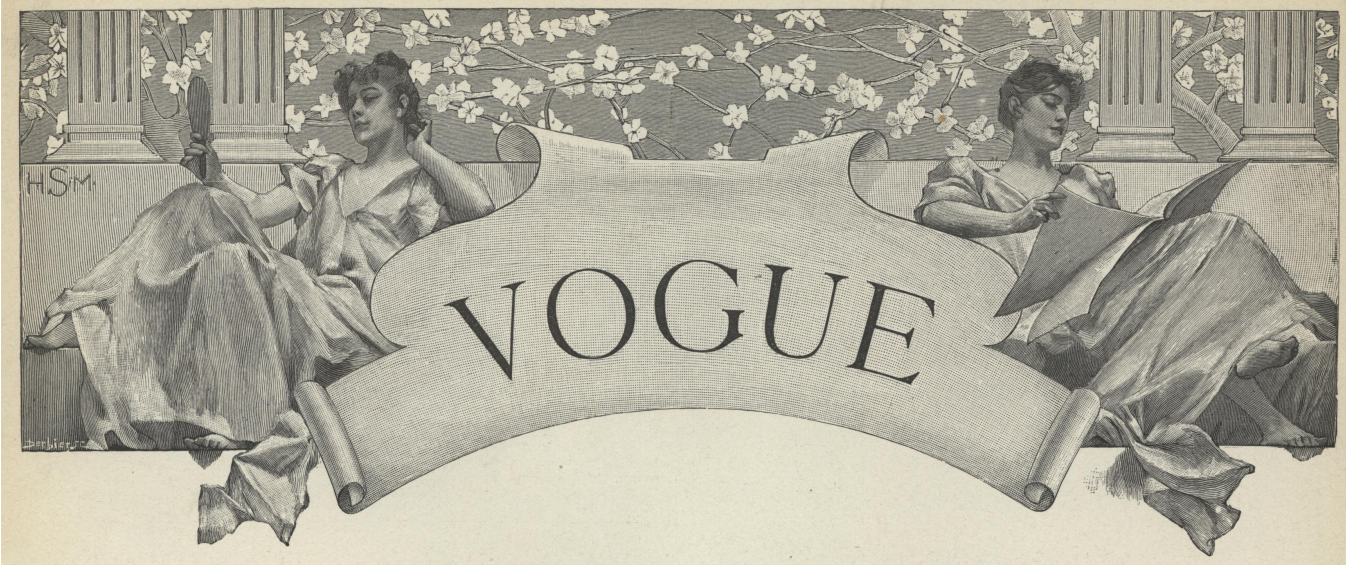

MISS S. "Is it not awful! Mr. J. has just married a girl of twenty and he is sixty-eight and a widower."
MR. T. (Middle aged widower): "Ah, Miss S., no girl can be too young for a widower."

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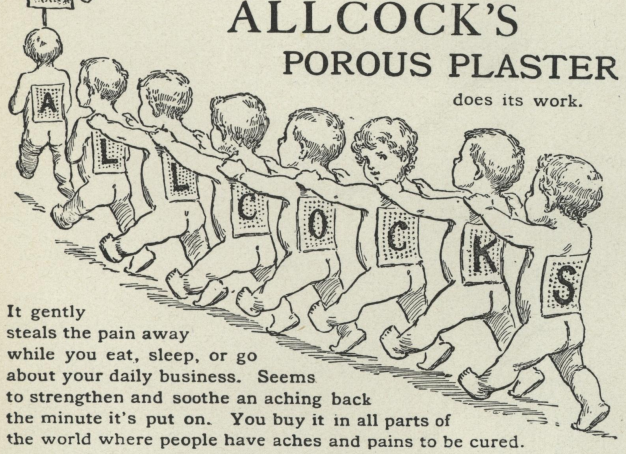

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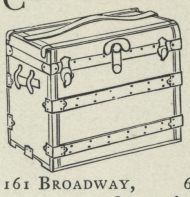

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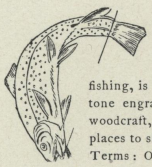

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VOLUME I NUMBER 8 FEBRUARY 4, 1893

Vogue

WHether because of the charm of an alliterative name or for some other equally recondite reason, the nondescript function known as a "dinner-dance," has for a time enjoyed a fictitious popularity, akin to that of a shandygaff, which most people of unspoiled palate consider a ruining of two good things. The experiences of the past weeks, however, will have gone far to destroy what little favor was still accorded them.

No one, who has not undergone them, is in a position to appreciate, much less to describe, the miseries endured by the unhappy being who has accepted an invitation to a dinner-dance while the relics of Mr. Brennan's last storm were still on the ground. For your dinner-dance is not like a simple dance, to which, if you fail at the last minute to go, it is no killing matter. Nor is it like a dinner, where, of course, you must appear, but from which you might go whither you liked. No, the dinner-dance is something much more complicated. Not only must you dine in a given spot, but from half a dozen given spots must the unhappy diners be dragged to the scene where, willy-nilly, they must dance and disport themselves, after three or four hours at table.

Now, a brisk drive of twenty blocks or so, over New York's pavements in their normal state, is in the nature of active exercise, but when snow has fallen on stone or asphalt, has hardened to ice, has received another coating of snow, has partially melted and has frozen again, why, then the adventure takes on the complexion of a bold and even foolhardy trip, with a certainty of fatigue and a possibility of broken axles, bruises and profanity. The girls, who started out at 8 P. M. crisp and fresh—the men who were well-groomed and cheerful, when called upon to face another perilous and uneasy trip from Washington Square to Fifty-seventh Street, at midnight, have no longer the light-heartedness of ignorance. As for the chaperones, we will suppose that they are all young and merry matrons, but even young and merry matrons object to being jolted and bumped and rattled about from place to place, all the time with the obligation on them of appearing to be as well-entertained at the dinner as at the dance and vice-versa, under peril of the displeasure of two different hostesses.

There was a good old plan, highly to be commended, which used to be followed in the days before the dinner-dance had been invented. A girl who was going to any sort of late-beginning revel dined quietly at home, had a nap and a bath and was rubbed until she was in the pink of condition, fit to dance for her life. A man, meantime, spent the first part of the evening as he pleased, at his club or a theatre, but in untrammeled freedom, with the result of being at his best when the hour for duty arrived. Whereas now the mere effort to appear pleased with one's surroundings for a period of three hours, is often sufficient to exhaust one's energies to the point of lassitude.

The advocates of the dinner-dance would persuade us that the double event gives play not alone to the agility of the heels but to that of the intellect also. But the real fact is, that those who really care for dining do not care for dancing, and those who really care for dancing do not care for dining in the true sense of the word; and in this lies the inherent weakness of the dinner-dance. It is a compromise, and a compromise may be defined as a combination of two dissimilar elements in the hope of pleasing differing tastes, with the result of suiting neither.

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NOT SKIED

"Did the committee sky you, Dobbley?"

"No. Worse'n that. They floored me. Sent the thing back," said the artist sadly.

NOT IN THE CIRCLE

"Who lives in that old house now?"

"Nobody."

"Why, it is occupied."

"Oh, yes, it's occupied; but the people aren't anybody."

CUPID FIN DE SIÈCLE

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
How conquering Love of old,
Bound heart to heart enduringly
With chains of shining gold.

Still poets sing the Love god's praise
And tell his power; but pshaw!
All know that in these latter days
His chains are made of straw.

LOCATED

LITERARY VISITOR: "Willie, you know who the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table is?"

WILY WILLIE; "Yes, sir; it's our hired girl."

A TYPE

"Are the Bronsons quiet people, or are they fond of lavish display?"

"Well, they are the sort of people who wouldn't buy a three dollar shoe unless they could pay ten dollars for it."

WHAT WE WILL COME TO

BOOK AGENT (at the door): "I should like to see the head of the house."

SERVANT: "Please, sir, there ain't any. This house is run on Bellamy principles."

A FEARFUL FATE

VAN DEMMIT: "So he's a cynic, eh? Been disappointed in love, has he?"

VAN ARNDT: "No: in his cook."

HIS KIND

"Oh, dear me," laughed Chappie, when he was asked if he could dance. "I have all the accomplishments of my kind."

"I'd like to see some of your knitting," said Cynicus.

PUNCTILIOUS

"Hendricks is very particular about his dress," said Bolus. "He always gets home before midnight so that he will not be found in evening dress in the morning."

EITHER IS CORRECT

"Let's see, Henpeck. What is it we call a man who marries two wives—a bigamist?"

"Some call him that. I call him an idiot."

A DEFINITION

What a typical couple they are! One can describe her in a word, but how can you define her companion? What is the masculine of "Chippy," anyhow?

I should say it was "Chappy."

For description of the fashion drawings published in Vogue see Supplement.

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BAZAR À LA POMPADOUR

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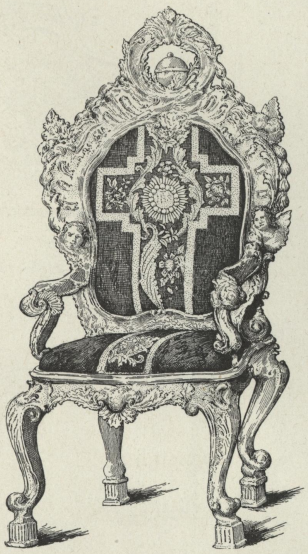
OF INTEREST TO HER

YOu and I know that to possess a high-backed, gilded throne chair, is just now the supreme desire of every uncrowned queen in New York's fashionable set. They (the queens), realize that to rise from one of these majestic seats when receiving, or rest against its broad arms when pouring tea, is to do quite the most topping thing of the season; and then this particular article of furniture carries every recommendation to favor it, is beautiful, very costly, and eminently fin de siècle.



One afternoon last week I chanced in at a very smart house on East Fifty-second Street, where the men and women who dropped in for a cup of consolation at the hands of the fair-haired hostess were treated to a delicious picture of high art in high life. The drawing-room, an oddly-shaped, three-cornered apartment, all hung in old rose velours, has its deep-throated fire-place set in a sharp angle of the wall. Light gray tiles face it about, while the entire mantelpiece is of brilliant solid gilt in graceful, floriated lines suggestive of the Louis Seize period. Across the broad bright shelf hangs a narrow scarf of rare Venetian point lace, and in lieu of the usual bric-a-brac, it is set forth with a gay little colony of Sèvres bisque figurines, in pink and white, a dainty procession of peasants and princesses, of cupids and amorous swains. At one end stands a tall, narrow-necked golden vase, holding a few early lilacs and la France roses, and directly above the mantel a large oval mirror hangs, elaborately framed in a fluttering profusion of gilded plaster ribbons.

But attractive as this environment proved to be, the fascinating feature of the occasion for all of us was Madame herself, seated in an imposing throne chair, and pouring tea by the light of fire and candles. Her costume was a long easy-fitting robe of rich, iridescent satin. It was of a pearl white, brightened by gleams of opalescent color here and there. The gown, made in Empire fashion, had enormously puffed sleeves, a slight train, a very short waist, and cascades of exquisite cream-tinted lace down the front. This same lace fell in cunningly arranged Watteau drapery at the back, in foamy flounces over the shoulders, and half-veiled her slender hands, busy with the silver tea things. The only ornaments she wore were Persian turquoises, a broad band of them set in silver being closely clasped outside her high satin collar. A pointed comb of the same jewels held the carelessly twisted flaxen locks in place, and several rings of turquoise and diamonds blazed on her fingers.

Being tall and very slight, our handsome hostess was charming either when leaning back against the gray and scarlet brocade of her big gilded chair, or rising from its depths to greet the ever changing guests. On a low table at her left stood an antique silver salver, loaded with priceless Knickerbocker plate, a bunch of spring flowers to match those blooming on the mantel. As on such occasions the feast is one of beauty and wit, rather than appetizing materiality, the liveried servants handed us nothing more substantial than a sip or two of chocolate. This was served in tiny cups of clear gilt, to correspond presumably with the golden hue predominating in the rose hung room.

Speaking of charming apartments, to my mind one of the prettiest salons in New York city is the long white and gold music room where, during Fridays in January, I have had the honor of being a guest of Miss de Forest and Miss Callender. It goes without saying that the artistic side of their entertainments was quite perfect. However, the brilliancy of each musicale has been vastly heightened by the number of fine frocks in evidence. Indeed I have seen no smarter gowns this season, and any one of them would give a correct idea of fashionable fitness.

Mrs. George de Forest herself never looked handsomer than in her princesse dress of pale buff poult de soie, the soft clinging silk powdered thickly with golden spangles. Every seam was outlined by narrow tinsel passementerie, that lent additional height and slenderness to her figure. The decolleté bodice deeply rounded out in the back showed her faultlessly beautiful shoulders to advantage; a few inches above the waist sprung a tiny Watteau pleat that widened into a small train lower down. She wore gigantic balloon sleeves, and very few jewels. Her crinkly soft, dark hair was gathered into a small twist, with a few silken tendrils in the white nuque. A narrow black velvet ribbon bound round her head and tied into a rosette bow above her brow, had a big fleur-de-lys of diamonds sparkling in its folds.

Another delightful costume, it seemed to me, was of rich ivory white bengaline. The foot of the skirt was decorated with a loose roll of deep petunia pink velvet and sable. The big puffed sleeves of the same shade of velvet were finished with the fur, and from under the arms two pieces of the petunia

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stuff were drawn forward, knotted in a rosette over the bust and fastened there with a diamond sun. This becomingly gowned guest had her hair combed rather high, and a seemingly flexible ribbon of brilliants encircled her head, and was tied in a high glittering bow of jewels a trifle to one side.

There can be no question but what petunia is the leading shade patronized by exclusive women whose preferences make fashions. A third lovely frock that we all greatly admired on the same occasion, was of pale petunia pink silk veiled by point lace that gave it an appearance of frosting.

WHAT SHE WEARS

THere are three distinct features of her evening toilette upon which are lavished her best taste and attention. The first is in ornamenting her well-coiffed hair. She still waves it slightly, and draws it back in a shining knot to rest lightly upon the very crown of her head, disposing a few soft love locks on the brow. If she is young, yet covets the dignity of a tiara, her coronet is never more than half a dozen airy bow-knots of diamonds, or else three tiny feathers of brilliants that are showy without looking heavy. For ordinary occasions, however, she prefers a jeweled dagger, the handle after an elaborate Persian pattern, having small white diamonds and olivines set in silver. The most ornate decorations of the hair are approved, and a very few are beginning to twist pearls into the smooth folds of the coiffure.

Her next care is to be perfectly shod, and to this end she is most fastidious in matching her dress and shoes. The toes of her white satin slippers are embroidered with gold and silver beads or pearls, and with these are worn old-fashioned open-worked stockings. If pink is the color of her hosiery then it must be satin or kid with a fluffy chiffon rosette of precisely the same tint, having a shamrock of Rhine stones in the centre. Women with very slender arched feet cling to the absolutely plain slipper, and never wear more than a minute jeweled buckle, or miniature bow set at the base of the instep. The smart set have gloves and slippers made to order just as they do gowns or hats.

The third detail upon which particular stress is laid are ball-room sleeves that are far and away the most conspicuous feature of every full dress toilette. They are either one or a graduated succession of huge puffs, or else a pyramid of crisp flounces laid one over the other to accentuate the width of the shoulders. Green velvet sleeves lead in favor, and in a frosty tint of emerald are deliciously pretty for daffodil satins, rose hued bengalines, also brocades and tissues in mauve, ciel or buff. These big balloons worn on the arms are stoutly braced with canvas, and though apparently their light folds are accidently graceful yet each line and crease has been a matter of calculation and is the result of infinite study.

Beside the beautiful woolen fabrics of mixed colors which have appeared this winter in which many unusual contrasts are seen, there are charming plain materials which are greatly in vogue. These are, however, plain only in color, as the textiles are woven in stripes, in watered undulations, or in cords, and make up the most effective costumes.

Fur is universal. It is seen on hats and bonnets, on the edge of skirts, on evening gowns, and nothing is newer than the Alsatian bow of fur on the front of a felt hat. Even infants follow the fashion in this respect. A recently imported coat for a child of eighteen months, is of pale blue velvet, with two little capes edged with a narrow border of marten. The little bonnet-cap was bordered with the same fur.

For the moment, the diamond enjoys supreme

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favor and very few modern necklaces are made in which that king of precious stones does not take a conspicuous part. Many of our fashionable women wear necklaces which seem to be, and indeed are, a succession of ropes of these precious stones, each one a little larger than the other, until from shoulder to shoulder the corsage is one blaze of almost dazzling splendor. The ancients excelled in making gold ornaments that have never been surpassed, but the art of setting and mounting precious stones was unknown to them. This art came into vogue about the time of Louis XIII, and reached almost the supreme point of good taste under the reign of Louis XV, but it is the privilege of the nineteenth century to have attained perfection in the setting of diamonds.

Pearls, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones are frequently mingled with diamonds, and many of the newest necklaces show beautiful combinations of these gems. A superb necklace made not long ago for a bride, consisted of a succession of diamond stars, with a large sapphire forming the centre of each, and with festoons of diamonds hanging from point to point. A favorite necklace is made of continuous rows of moderately sized diamonds strung upon the finest silver wires. One single row of these makes an exquisite necklace. A beautiful necklace is a string of pearls fastened by a clasp encrusted with diamonds. The pearls are pink tinted and of immense value.

A charming little circlet of pearls, not very large, but each one matching in tint and size, with a pendant fleur-de-lys in diamonds, is a suitable necklace for a young married woman and not very expensive as its cost is just within $1,000. Diamonds alternating with rubies, pearls or other precious stones in graduated sizes, and in one or more strands, are shown by some of our leading houses for prices varying from $500 to $150,000. A gold chain with diamond solitaire is a delicately beautiful necklace, and very becoming to a round throat. Turquoise is frequently seen this year, and a necklace of oval stones of graduated size, each one surrounded by diamonds and fastened by a diamond clasp has just been made for a lady of this city.

Wrought gold chains and necklaces are out of date at present, and although they are often seen, it remains true that strings of diamonds and pearls, or these gems mingled with other precious stones, are worn by the fashionable women of the day, and to wear pearls and diamonds that way one must be wealthy. The strings or ropes, as they are sometimes called, are sometimes very long and reach the waist line. When these are supplemented by many other strings of the same gems decreasing in size until the last one just clasps the throat, the cost of such a dazzling array of magnificence may be imagined. Many women of excellent taste and undoubted position do not care for jewels and rarely wear them, but it remains an undoubted fact that the display of diamonds at our fashionable entertainments is something astounding, and the eye is often wearied with the light and splendor.

Lovely pendants are shown to be worn on fine gold chains or strings of pearls. Bunches of grapes in pearls with leaves and stems encrusted in diamonds, fern fronds set with brilliants, many-pointed stars of diamonds, and miniatures of historical characters, exquisitely painted and set around with pearls or diamonds. Collarettes or dog collars are often worn with low-necked evening dresses. These are often rows of pearls or of gold beads, from one to five rows, in Etruscan or colored gold and with jeweled clasps. A pretty dog collar of pearls in combination with small diamonds is not a very expensive necklace, although an effective one. A velvet band around the throat upon which is sewn a row of diamond stars is also a favorite ornament. The beautiful jeweled breastpins which are to be seen now are invariably arranged so as to form pendants to be worn on the neck.

A curious necklace lately seen was made in links of gold, round and very flexible. The form was that of a serpent with blue enameled head in which were set nineteen diamonds. The body of the serpent was tapered off gradually to the tail, which met the head and clasped it in front. The necklace had a rather clumsy and barbaric appearance while being very beautiful, and was made in California, in 1850, from the virgin gold found there.

Pretty necklaces are made of the semi-precious stones such as garnets, both red and green, moonstones from Ceylon, purple almandine and beryl. These stones are cut and set in gold, in designs chosen to suit individual taste. Beads, it is said, are coming to the front again, and strings of green, purple, blue and amber beads are to be worn around the neck to match the colors of the toilette. This rumor, like the one which predicts a return to hoop skirts, we trust may prove fallacious.

Very fanciful and pretty muffs are worn this season. A charming one is made of black satin, with narrow bands of astrachan, running lengthwise and not around the muff. A knot with ends of black satin ribbon lined with scarlet surah finishes each end. An exquisite little muff is of scarlet cloth carelessly drawn over a round form and tied at the top in a knot with two three-cornered ends standing up straight. Upon each side the muff is bordered with a band of otter fur. A third example is of black satin of the usual shape with box-plaitings of the satin lined with pale pink. The front of this pretty muff is trimmed with three rows of black Chantilly lace, four inches in width, box-plaited on. At the top it is finished with loops of black satin ribbon lined with pink, and some lace mixed in the loops. The loops are fastened by a Rhine stone buckle.

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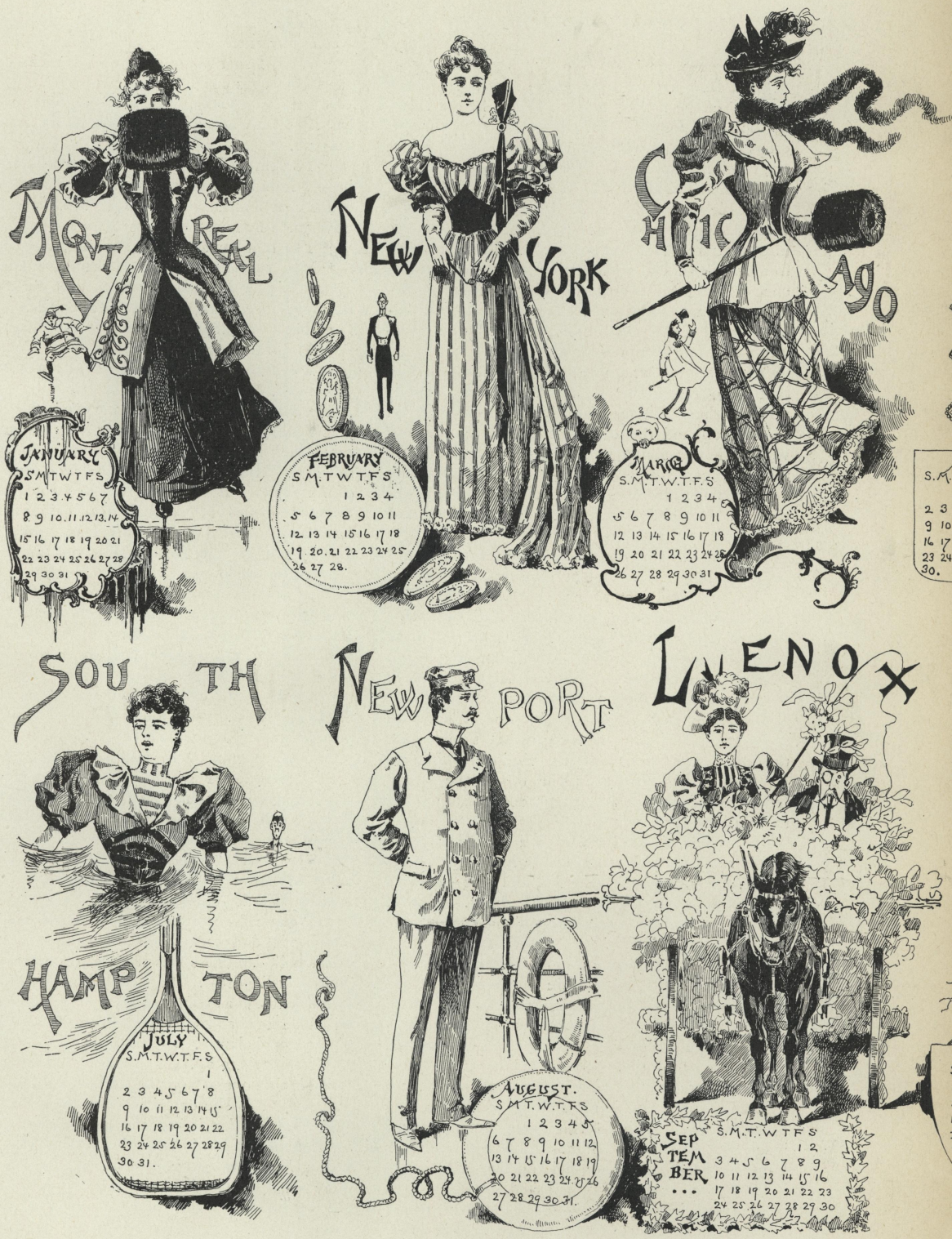
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He could not induce her to give the flower to him. But with some tact he managed to prolong the conversation and discovered in the course of their talk that she sometimes walked on the sea-wall on warm evenings.

That evening was a warm one and Lackland met the little muslin-gowned damsel serenely taking the soft air on the sea-wall as if in pursuance of this occasional habit. After this they chanced to meet frequently, and it got to be a very natural thing for them to walk together along San Marco Avenue or through some quaint street of the old town. The dainty prettiness of the girl, her demure piquancy, the perfect confidence in herself joined to a childlike naïveté aroused his easy-going interest. He loved to cross swords with Carmelita.

They got to be quite good friends in those soft spring days beneath the pure azure of the Saint Augustine sky. There was never any boldness in her assurance and a touch of subtle dignity which often flavored her sprightliness was never without its charm to Lackland.

It chanced that one evening, full of the chastened tenderness of a spring day waning into dusk, they had paused near the old City Gate, on their return from a stroll along San Marco Avenue. He took her hand on some playful pretext and held it in his own bronzed palm. Carmelita allowed it to rest there for a moment gently and then withdrew it. But not before a very stiff old lady who was bowled swiftly by in an open carriage had taken in the picture.

Two days later Mrs. Lackland declared that if she stayed any longer in Saint Augustine she could only hope to have her ashes reach the north, and that as she did not certainly incline to an ante-mortem cremation they would go to New York and sail a little earlier than they had planned, for Europe. The old lady watched her son sharply over her fan as he assented non-committally, to the proposition.

This was a month since the day when he had fled to sanctuary in Godardo's house and had been pelted with the gardenia.

That evening he again walked with Carmelita along the sea-wall. He proposed after awhile that they should sit down. The dusk was stealing over the water and down upon the trees along the roads. The waves broke on the rocks below them, with an indolent plash.

"Carmelita," he said slowly, and placing his hand upon her waist, "I am glad you threw that gardenia at me."

She made some faint movement of protest as his fingers clasped her waist, but suffered it. At his remark, she retorted with a contented smile: "I threw it at your hat. I didn't know who was there." There was a world of girlish coquetry in her bright eyes as they rested on him.

"We have had such pleasant times that we might not have had but for that flower. I shall remember them when I go away. Shall you think of me when I am gone, Carmelita?"

The girl raised herself, and slowly pushed away his arm.

"Are you going away?" she asked, with a subtle change in her manner.

"Why, of course. It is not every one who can live in Saint Augustine always, as you do," he replied, in his comfortable tones.

"When are you going?"

"Saturday."

"How long have you known this?"

"Since this morning." There was a slight pause. He met the look from beneath her arched eyebrows negatively.

"Do you want to go?" the question was almost imperious, and the girl covered him with her bright eyes, round enough now.

"Well, I don't know that I want to, but I don't object. I knew it would have to be pretty soon. It is my mother's move. She says it is so hot here that she will be reduced to an ash-heap if we do not get out."

The girl turned her face sharply away and fixed her gaze on the sea. The soft wind blew the hair about her smooth forehead and stirred it gently on her slender neck.

"Aren't you sorry I am going away, Carmelita?" he said cajolingly, as he would to a child.

"Are you sorry to go?" She turned her head and arched her eyebrows as she looked at him.

"Why, yes," he replied, slowly. "I like here well enough. I like any place where I can boat."

She turned toward the sea again for a moment, as if measuring the force of a rival. For a few moments she seemed lost in deep reverie. Then she got to her feet. "I want to go home," she said. "I would rather go alone. Good-bye."

"It isn't a real good-bye, you know," said Lackland, more briskly. "I am going to Jacksonville to-morrow, but shall come back Friday. I shall see you again then, Carmelita. Won't I?"

"Good-bye," she repeated, and left him standing, with a touch of melancholy on him that he had not bargained for. She had looked so slight, so child-like, sitting there, with the sea air lightly moving her hair. He watched the little white figure disappear in the shadows. He pulled himself together and walked off musingly. She was such a child. Half his amusement in her was seeing her grow.

When he came back on Friday, Mrs. Lackland had more than he expected for him to do, and was fretful with her health and touchily exacting in her demands. The time came to go, and he had not been able to see Carmelita as he had promised. "I can write to her and tell her," he thought, and shrugged his shoulders.

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It was eight years before Lackland was in Saint Augustine again. He had passed two years in Europe with his mother after leaving there. He did not write to Carmelita. He did not know what to say, and he hated writing letters. It had been diverting to have the little Minorcan to talk with and to study the light emotions and thoughts that swayed her. The dark eyes, the small white teeth and play of the lips had colored her conversation. But he couldn't imagine how or what she would write. Probably her letters would be child-like; possibly, dull.

Sometimes when he recalled the firm little figure sitting on the sea-wall and the wind so lightly stirring the dark hair, in what had really been their parting interview, he wondered what impression that month of spring had made upon Carmelita. He had never known quite how she took things, and the unexpected sentiments she sometimes expressed had been part of her charm for him. He had always thought that it was a very pleasant springtime. He had thought of it several times, generally with a half-smile on his lips.

After two years Mrs. Lackland passed beyond the need of further quest of congenial climate and her son brought her back to perpetual stability in Greenwood. He spent three or four years around New York after her death, his diversion steadily acquiring the character of dissipation, as his taste for things dulled. Then he went to Europe again. On his return to America he went to Savannah to see a cousin, and finding that he had gone to Saint Augustine, followed him there on a sudden impulse.

He found many changes. Several stately hotels with an elaborated environment of ornamental grounds had been erected. The roads were better cared for. The old-time slumberous restfulness of the town was subordinated to the new smartness. But Saint George Street was unchanged, and one day as he was passing through, he stopped and looked up at the flowers, which still fell rankly over the ledge of the portico.

"Eight years ago!" he mused, as he leaned for a moment against the slender pillar, as if he could conjure back the rest of the scene, and a slender hand would throw a gardenia at him again. But, no! the house seemed very quiet, and he saw no young Minorcan girl.

He sighed impatiently. He must ask some one about Carmelita Godardo. She must have grown out of her slim girlishness. Perhaps she was living in one of these little houses, a demure young matron, with a young Carmelita who called her mother. Yes, he must inquire about her.

He turned on his heel, with another sigh, half-weary, and strolled listlessly up the street. As he walked on he saw a line of children trooping along toward him, in pairs. He drew to the side to let them pass. Then he saw a slender figure in black, with linen bands about her face, at the end of the procession, shepherding it. As the nun passed, with down-cast eyes, he saw the clear, olive tint, and the quiet, sweet expression of her face.

How little she was changed, and yet, how much! This was a woman with a soul, and Carmelita was a child, an artless girl, and he had not thought of her soul. He gave another quick sigh as he reflected on how he had lived those eight years. How swiftly he had ruled them off, and what had he achieved! His eyes had seemed so puffy that morning, and the flush on his cheek was not the bloom of health. When would that fellow get his boat done? He wanted to get out on the fresh, big-hearted, unwearying sea, and feel its vigor speed through his tired being.

The next day he called at the convent. He would like to see her, to hear her voice again, with the soft Minorcan accent. The sister-porter took his message and name. After some moments' withdrawal she returned, and said that Sister Philomena would rather he would see the Superior, as her duties kept her engaged.

When Lackland turned to go out of the hard oppressive bareness of the convent parlor, he felt older than he was. There was a touch of loneliness on him, as if he had parted with some portion of his being to which he had not before adverted. He lounged down to the pier, his hands in his pockets, straining his coat tightly about him. A lank workman was trying the rigging of a small yacht. He looked up at Lackland, who nodded without speaking.

"Waal, she's ready," said the man, "and I think you'll find her a handy little craft. Only she ain't got no name. What do you intend to call her? I'll paint that on her and she's done, and you can take her out whenever you like."

Lackland raised his head and looked out at sea a moment. Then he said slowly: "Sister Philomena." That night the name in slim black letters was drying on the stern of the boat as she tossed lightly on the water, as pure and white as a gardenia.

For a week Lackland almost lived upon the sea. He would take the Sister Philomena out beyond Anastasia Island, and then cruise about according to the wind. Sometimes he would take a skipper but oftener went alone. This tired young man loved the sea with an endurance of affection greater than aught else could command in him.

Then he received a note from the Bishop, on the subject of his boat's name. "I am sure that when I tell you that giving the name of one of the good nuns at the Convent to your pleasure boat is creating talk among people, and that Catholics feel somewhat indignant at it as a sort of scandal, while the Sister Philomena herself would deprecate such a use of the name by which she has consecrated herself to God, you will feel it right to find some other

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LEAVES FROM A DÉBUTANTE'S DIARY—NO. I

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name that will not be open to such objections," etc., etc.

A day or two after this the men in the lighthouse on Anastasia Island were watching a small white sloop when a sudden squall came up. They saw the boat quiver under the rough onset of the wind and then capsize. As soon as they could put out to her they did so. They found her with her sail sagging forlornly in the sea, her white side glistening in the sun which had come out with blinding brightness. One of the men in the party when they got near enough to see exclaimed: "Yes, that's the New Yorker's boat, the Sister Philomena. Dogged if the name ain't scratched out. He was a quiet kind o' chap that did what pleased him. Wonder why he took the name off?"

Lackland's body was never recovered. The sea would not part with a lover so stanch and true. Eight years ago he had passed one idle spring month in a life whose spring months had all been idle, in this old town where he had met his death. What that month had been to Carmelita Godardo neither he nor others ever knew. Sister Philomena was simple and quiet, but with an assured sweetness in her face. Hardly anyone remarked when it was that the peaceful immobility of her coiffed face took on a gravity which seemed the dumb guardian of an emotion which would never be told.

John J. à Becket.

AS SEEN BY HIM

I Am still undecided whether to take a flying trip a little later to Florida or to the Bermudas. One must get away from this harsh and very nasty weather. New York in early spring is impossible.

Florida reminds me of orange blossoms, and orange blossoms very naturally lead to matrimony. Do not be alarmed. I am not going to take that step just yet, but of course I can never tell what may possibly happen. I am thinking, however, at this writing, of wedding presents, and weddings generally, which come in with a boom in the springtime. I am to be an usher at four of these ceremonials this spring. It is indeed very expensive, but I am consoled in the reflection that the men who have asked me know how to do the proper thing, and that they have most excellent taste in the selection of scarf-pins. When I was very young, strange to say, I was seldom asked to be an usher, but I was much in favor—and I am sure for my life I cannot tell the reason—as a pall-bearer. I have yet a sufficient number of black kid gloves, the perquisites on these mournful occasions, to last me for years. To-day, people, I am thankful to say, are taking a much more cheerful view of me, but, as you see, even the saddest and most disagreeable offices have their little recompenses. While I am on this mournful subject I should state that I always make it a rule to go to funerals when the services are held in any church. I think one should show some mark of appreciation and respect for friends in affliction, especially when the stricken household has been generous in its hospitality. I do not care for much free advertising, but it does give a man a certain character for seriousness and for stability to see his name among others in a list of those who were present at the obsequies of some person of recognized social position.

One should always dress very quietly for a funeral, and, fortunately, the fashion of wearing a band upon one's hat being this winter universal, there is hardly any need of changing one's headgear especially for this solemn function.

In the matter of flowers, I never send an offering of this character unless I have been very intimate with the family. Then, if the one who has passed away be a woman, my tribute is a bunch of roses, lilies-of-the-valley, or of flowers of the kind that I knew while in life she loved so well. I never send flowers to a man. I do not care for what is known as "set" pieces; they are stiff and unnatural, and Gates Ajar and dreadful things with purple mottoes increase the horrors of death. I always associate these articles with a woman whom I knew years ago. She is now a charming matron with daughters of her own. In those days she was one of the most popular girls in New York. It was then the fashion for men to send baskets and other set pieces of natural flowers as tokens of their admiration. When the blossoms had faded she would take them out of their wire frames and store those contrivances in a dark closet. Every now and then she would have them brought out and placed in review before her. Then, with a grim satisfaction, she would point to these unsightly skeletons of wire and say, "My scalps."

But I fear the organist has touched the wrong chords, and it is not the mourning minor strains of

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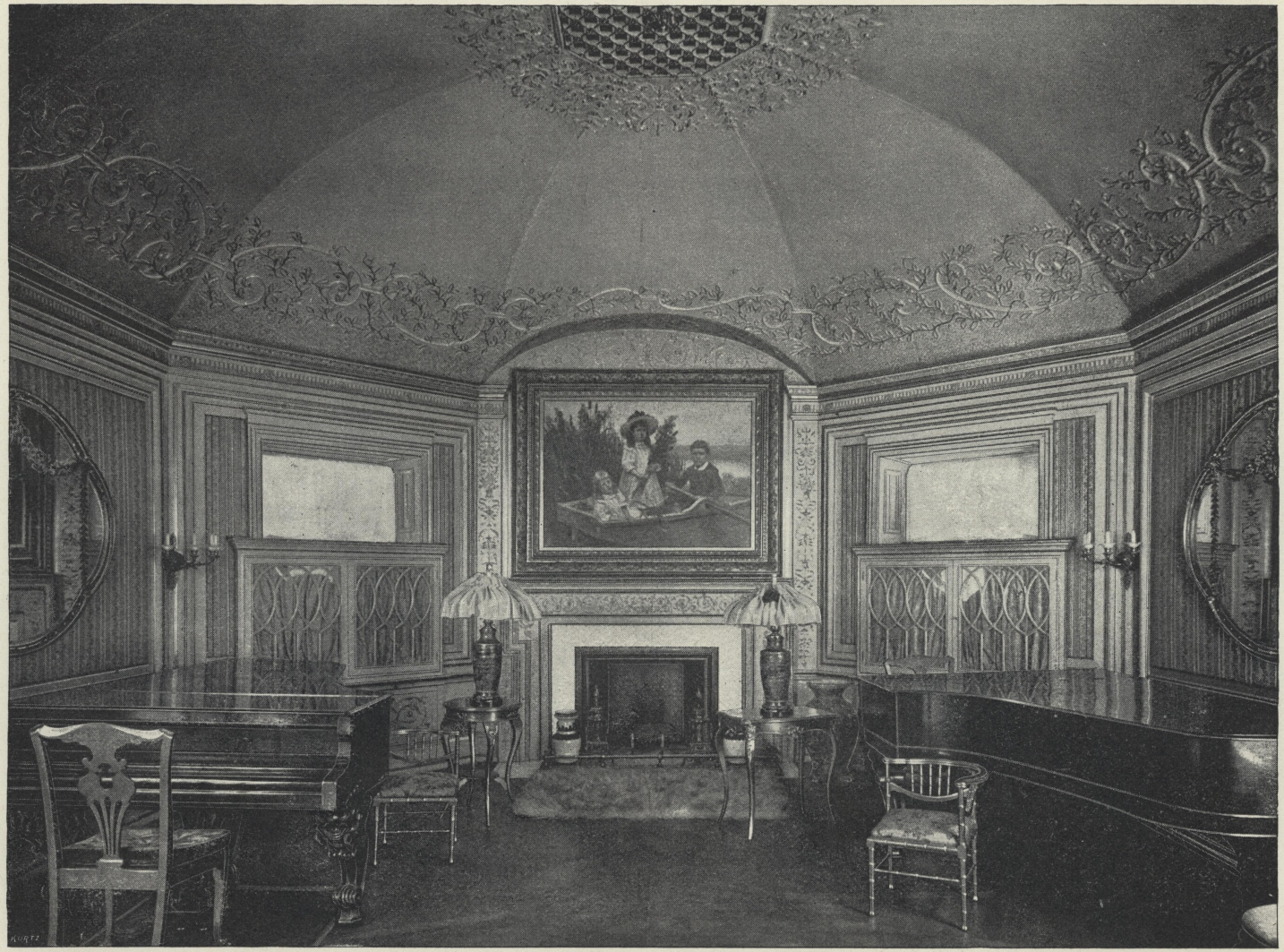

MRS. HENRY L. DE COPPET'S MUSIC ROOM

AT THE PLAY

THE Mountebanks is a success. The pretty Garden Theatre is nightly filled and the ever fair Lillian Russell, it may be assumed, is supremely happy. Louis Harrison as Bartolo has really scored a hit. He is genuinely

and legitimately funny. How different from his tear provoking performance in La Cigale! By the way, an intelligent actor who quite shared the comedy honors with him in that opera was given a very insignificant part in the Mountebanks. Biscuit, the donkey, for it was none other, felt hurt.

He sulked. The chorus girls tried to appease him with lumps of sugar, but failed. They all saw that he was planning some decisive action. The crisis came. One dark night after the opera was over and the last super had said good-night to the door-keeper, Biscuit, quietly and stealthily, left. His artistic feelings had been outraged and he threw up his part. Ordinary every day actors when they take this step give the management two weeks' notice, but Biscuit simply stole away. He did not appear at the accustomed hour the next evening and his keeper was mystified. The Mountebanks went on without him.

"Where is little Biscuit?" Miss Russell asked.

"Oh, I hope nothing has happened to him!" exclaimed Laura Clement.

"Mr. Harrison, is this a trick of yours?" inquired the stage manager. The comedian denied all knowledge of the donkey's whereabouts. The opera lacked spirit that night and for several nights to come.

One very snowy, blustering evening, just as the overture commenced, a sad-eyed, shame-faced donkey appeared at the stage door. It was Biscuit. The door-keeper was surprised, but gladly admitted the little fellow. With lowered brow and measured tread Biscuit stepped in and found himself on the stage again. His friends, the chorus girls, gathered about and gave him alarming quantities of sugar. The news spread. Biscuit had returned! The Mountebanks was given with him that night and now all is serene at the Garden.

The mystery has not been cleared up, though. Why did he leave and where did he go? They do say he was absurdly jealous of Louis Harrison. You see, Biscuit had the centre of the stage in La Cigale, but in the Mountebanks he is relegated to the background. However, it's a bad season, and he will probably decide to put up with the humiliation.

The Damrosch Sunday evening concerts at the Music Hall are undoubtedly popular. As a matter of fact it has been actually impossible to buy a seat in the big house after eight o'clock. Mr. Damrosch knows how to please his hearers and the selections from such old favorites as the Bohemian Girl and Carmen have been well

received. The soloists include Emma Juch, Carlotta Maconda, Amanda Fabris and Campanini. Also Henri Marteau, the boy violinist.

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VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 4, 1893

SOCIETY

ONly a few more days before Ash Wednesday will usher in Lent. Lent, when dances are tabooed; when gayety is supposed to be at an end; when visiting lists are revised, and the sheep and goats of acquaintance are separated one from another. The supposititious Lent, a period of supposed rest, penitence and meditation. The actual Lent, a time when spring fashions are first made known, and when theatre clubs, dining clubs, riding clubs, bowling, Badminton and card clubs take possession of the entire fashionable world. Long before the season of repentance begins, circulars are sent out to men and women asking them to subscribe to these different social functions; to the uninitiated, the only difference Lent brings seems to lie in the fact there are no more receptions, marriages nor balls. Some women belong to no less than four theatre clubs; these hold meetings every fortnight, sometimes every week, and are followed by a supper at the house of each member in turn. The card clubs meet every week, they also must have a supper to wind up the evening's entertainment. Badminton and the Knickerbocker Bowling clubs are fortunately afternoon affairs, or the six days would never be long enough to hold all that must be done. Musicales and Readings run riot at this time, and charitable enterprises of all sorts and descriptions must at all events be subscribed to. Amateur theatricals seize the opportunity, and as they are generally a weariness to the flesh it is conceded by all they choose wisely. Afternoon church is "the thing" for the walk home after service is a fine opportunity for Cupid, and all the world knows matrimonial engagements are announced by the score just before Easter. Lent is the time of the year when the finest dinners are given, for the season brings the most appetizing delicacies and so it goes, and to many the supposed rest is but the hardest toil. Weariness, repining and vexation of spirit may be present, but that must not appear, and should the enforced cessation of dancing be too hard to bear, why, there is always the south to go to and of course there can be no harm in dancing when not in the city. The laws of Lent apparently can end a few miles away, for now begins at St. Augustine, Aiken, Bermuda and Nassau the gay season.

The dance given by Mrs. Burden last Friday for her niece, Miss Irvin was a very beautiful affair. Miss Irvin, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Irvin, has certainly had many advantages this winter. With such relatives as Mrs. Griswold Gray, Mrs. Richard Irvin and Mrs. Burden, who can most truthfully be pointed out as our best types of society women, she has made her début under most favorable circumstances, and she has already won for herself many friends and admirers.

Last Saturday evening, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Henry T. Sloane, Mrs. William A. Duer and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden gave superb dinners. If the proof of one's popularity and place on the social ladder is determined by the number of dinner invitations received, then many of us have ascended many rounds this winter, and to have chronic dyspepsia is, from a society standpoint, something to be proud of, as it proves how constantly we have dined. It is rather wearing to have the reputation of being a good raconteur, but after all dyspepsia and mental exhaustion are not much when weighed in the balance of social success.

Sunday night entertaining is undoubtedly growing in favor. While conservative people will insist that it is not good form to go to concerts, dinners, receptions and Vaudeville, that one night must be reserved for home, the smart set contend that Sunday night is the night of the week—for then actors and actresses, and professionals of all kinds can contribute their talent towards the enjoyment. Last Sunday evening besides many informal affairs not mentioned, the Vaudeville was well attended. Mr. James V. Parker gave a superb dinner at which Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Bentinck were the guests of honor, and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven the same evening held what might truly be termed a salon where their guests had the pleasure of listening to Marie Tempest at her best, and where Marteau played divinely. Mrs. De Koven is one of the most charming hostesses in New York and has the happy faculty of making each guest feel bright and clever.

Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt gave a small dance at their residence, 11 Lexington Avenue. The Hewitts's house is one of the most artistic houses in the city, and possesses as well the charm of having rooms well adapted for entertaining, so that at no time during the evening was there an unpleasant crush. Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer gave a very pretty dinner the same evening, their guests going afterward to the Hewitts's dance.

Tuesday evening, Mrs. Frederic H. Betts of 78 Irving Place, gave a dinner-dance for her daughter, Mrs. Russell Hoadley, Jr. Mrs. J. Frederic Kernochan, Mrs. Wm. B. Dinsmore, Mrs. Benjamin Brewster, Mrs. John E. Cowdin, and Mrs. Philip J. Sands gave dinners before the dance. At the time, some years ago, when the saying was rife, of "Murray Hill by way of the Oranges," implying that a residence in the Jersey suburbs, if carefully conducted, would insure one a social status in New York society; it was also said: "If you want to be really known, spend a summer at Southampton, and have Mrs. Betts' endorsement." So that the guests at this dance enjoyed themselves doubly, feeling that quiet assurance of position and pleasure like unto which there is nothing to be more desired. The vari-

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ous dinners, and the dance afterward, were most successful, the younger set, with some few married people, comprising the number.

One of the principal dinners on Wednesday, was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, at their residence, 27 West Twentieth Street. Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer were among those who entertained.

The new plan of having dinner at the Vaudeville was started Monday evening. A very good performance was also given. Perhaps the dance at the Cooper-Hewitts's and the Old Guard Ball, two widely different events, combined to take from the number of members who would have been present. The scene during the evening was not gay at any time, still, Saturday evening may be the redeeming point, for that, so far, seems to be the favorite time to go.

The sleighing is over, and the society woman can devote her afternoons to receptions, days at home and calls. The streets are crowded after three o'clock with the neat traps of those fortunate enough to possess such luxuries, while hired cabs and hansoms are having a perfect boom. It is the openly acknowledged ambition of every woman to see how many calls she can make in an afternoon, and it brings to remembrance New Year's Day of the olden time, when the men of the family were sent out with instructions to call on every one to whom they owed a call. The conversation is, of necessity, very jerky.

In spite of the many attractions in town, Westchester and Tuxedo are not dull, and Sunday is very gay at both places. The skating and sleighing at Tuxedo are particularly fine just now, and five o'clock tea at the club house is a jolly scene. Mr. Coleman Drayton, Mr. "Jimmy" Potter and Mr. Parrish are all enthusiastic lovers of all winter sports, and do an immense amount to keep lake and roads in good condition.

The Thursday Evening Club met this week at Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod's, who provided the long ago much-thought-of entertainment, "Jarley's Waxworks."

The many friends of Miss Lillie Berg are using every endeavor to make the concert to be given her next Wednesday a success. It was at first intended to have it take place at the residence of Mrs. Edward Lauterbach, but it has been decided to give it at the Madison Square Garden, on Wednesday morning, February 8th, at eleven o'clock. Madame Moody Manners, Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Joseph Hollman, Mr. Arthur Friedheim and Mr. E. Taylor are such well-known artistes that the patronesses should have no difficulty in disposing of the tickets.

Three grand Wagner concerts, it is announced, will be given for the benefit of the Orthopædic Hospital and Dispensary, at Music Hall, in the latter part of February. The concerts will be under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, who will conduct the Symphony Orchestra. There will be soloists, and a grand chorus of five hundred singers. The programme will comprise representative selections from eight Wagner operas and music dramas. Boxes will be for sale by Mrs. J. Hobart Warren, 101 Park Avenue, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Subscription tickets for the course in the parquet can be obtained from the following ladies, Members of the Board of Supervisors; Mrs. C. B. Alexander, 4 West Fifty-eighth Street, Mrs. Jas. A. Burden, 139 Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Robert W. Chapin, 120 East Thirty-fourth Street, Mrs. H. Dwight Collier, 235 Madison Avenue, Mrs. Jas. K. Gracie, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street, Mrs. Gaspar Griswold, 14 West Twenty-first Street, Mrs. William Robison, 3 Exchange Court, Miss Roosevelt, 589 Madison Avenue, Mrs. Wm. D. Sloane, 642 Fifth Avenue, Mrs. J. F. Tuckerman, 50 West Forty-fifth Street, Miss Whitney, 11 Madison Square, Mrs. H. Walter Webb, 302 Madison Avenue.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, February 4th.—Mr. and Mrs. James W. Pinchot, 2 Gramercy Park. Reception for Mr. and Mrs. Alan Johnstone.

First meeting Badminton Club.

Mrs. Henry Draper, 271 Madison Avenue. Evening reception.

Mrs. James A. Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue. Dinner.

Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, 5 Madison Square, North. Dinner.

Monday, February 6th.—Mrs. William H. Osgood, 10 West Twentieth Street. Mondays in February.

Mrs. J. Morgan Wing, 48 West Fiftieth Street. Second reception.

Mrs. Jeremiah Potter Robinson, the Misses Robinson, 30 Fifth Avenue. Mondays.

Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street. Mondays in February.

Mrs. Horace Barnard, Miss Barnard, 26 East Thirty-fifth Street. Mondays until Lent.

Mrs. Philip L. Livingston, 708 Madison Avenue. Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane, 642 Fifth Avenue. Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, 2 West Fifty-second Street. Dinner.

Last Cotillon. Delmonico's.

Tuesday, February 7th.—Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street. Tuesdays.

Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in January and February.

Mrs. Bacon, Miss Bacon, 22 West Tenth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays.

Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street. Tuesdays.

Mrs. Willard P. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Niles, 154 West Fifty-eighth Street. Tuesdays in January and February.

Mrs. William Gilbert Davies, 22 East Forty-fifth Street. Dinner.

Mrs. Herbert Parsons, 26 East Forty-fifth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Mrs. Joseph Marié, the Misses Marié, 111 West Forty-third Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Last meeting Mrs. John T. Hall's dancing class. Sherry's.

Wednesday, February 8th.—Mrs. Edward Bell, 321 Lexington Avenue. Reception.

Mrs. N. Denton Smith, the Misses Smith, 17 West Seventeenth Street. Wednesdays in February.

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street. Wednesdays.

Mrs. James W. Walsh, 525 Madison Avenue. Reception.

Mrs. Charles H. Leland, 162 Madison Avenue. First meeting Wednesday Musicales.

Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, 27 West Twentieth Street. Dinner.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, 219 Madison Avenue. Cotillon.

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Thursday, February 9th.—Mrs. John Elliot Cowdin, 13 Gramercy Park. Reception.

Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue. Thursdays.

Mrs. Lorillard, Miss Lorillard, 389 Fifth Avenue. Thursdays.

Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbery, 12 East Thirty-fifth Street. Thursdays in February.

Mrs. Wm. F. Havemeyer, 29 West Nineteenth Street. Reception.

Last Assembly. Madison Square Assembly Rooms.

Friday, February 10th.—Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens, 13 East Ninth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Cooper, 12 Washington Square, North. Fridays.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street. Fridays.

Mrs. Wm. C. Whitney, 2 West Fifty-seventh Street. Subscription Musicale.

Mrs. Philip Livingston, 708 Madison Avenue. Dinner.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Sailed from New York, S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm II., January 28th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. George H. Byrd, Miss Anne Byrd, Miss Lucy Byrd, Miss L. Bowditch, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cooper, Bishop Doane, Mrs. Doane, Mr. Eugene Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy May, Mr. and Mrs. M. Story, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tucker, Mr. W. G. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. E. Langdon Wilks.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Normandie, January 28th, 1893.—Mr. Dinsmore, Mr. Montagne, Rev. M. Satterlee, Baron Schilling, of the Russian Legation in Washington.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Brittanic, February 1st, 1893.—Mr. F. W. Frankland, Mr. E. A. Hewitt, Mr. A. Kessler, Mr. E. J. Kennedy, Mr. E. H. Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd.

Arrived in New York, S. S. La Gascogne, January 30th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cannon, Mr. H. G. Fellowes, Senator Jones, Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones, Mr. J. Mackay, Mrs. Zimmermann.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Etruria, January 28th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Corning, Mr. W. N. Murray, Mrs. Price, Miss Price, Mr. J. A. Wilson, Mr. Monteith Richardson.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

January 7, 1893

WEddings and matrimonial engagements fill the air just now. What with three Royal nuptials, Miss Wayne-Cuyler's and Sir Philip Grey-Egerton's marriage on Tuesday last, and the Bradley-Martin coup de main to come, all lesser affairs have gone by the board.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is a very shrewd woman and a most successful mother. She intends to marry off her three girls early and well, the example of their cousins, the Princesses of Wales, being not at all to her mind. It is, indeed, somewhat extraordinary that no successful alliances have been arranged for the two unmarried daughters of the heir apparent. The Duchess of Fife had her own way simply by fighting it through, but hers was scarcely a marriage to please any of her royal relatives or the country; and yet, unless the Duke of York becomes a married man, little Lady Alexandra Duff stands to win as our future Queen. In certain circles indeed, prophecies and prognostications are already rife, and I have heard large odds taken on her chance of succession! But to return to the theme of the week, marriage and giving in marriage. The Edinborough wedding is just now on every tongue, and a prettier bride or nicer girl it would be hard to find. Princess Marie is always a favorite everywhere, though owing to the never outlived prejudice against an Anglo-Russian alliance, she has scarcely had fair play in England.

Her wedding presents are quite regal in splendor, and are on view for the moment at Clarence House. Emeralds and diamonds are the stones chosen by the Queen as her gifts to her sailor son's daughter. The parure includes a most beautiful pendant, earrings and necklet, and is supplemented of course by the inevitable India shawl, some most exquisite old Honiton lace, and yards on yards of Irish and Scotch dress fabrics. The Prince and Princess of Wales have given a lovely bracelet, two hearts in turquoise set in large brilliants—the Princess has a decided fad for the pretty pale turquoise. The Duke of Edinborough's gifts sound like a paragraph from out the "Arabian Nights." A magnificent tiara of diamonds and turquoise,—how happily they will lend themselves to her pretty blonde hair,—necklace and earrings en suite, and a most lovely old toilet service of cinque cento pierced silver work. Her mother's gifts are equally superb. A diamond diadem, brooch and earrings, a complete parure of diamonds and sapphires, indifferently supplemented by such trifles as pearl and diamond bangles, brooches, rings, and bracelets de luxe, and a large dressing bag filled up throughout in silver repoussé work. Turquoises and diamonds are also the choice of her Wales cousins; the Empress Eugenie has sent a most beautiful old pierced silver basket, and the Fifes ornaments of diamonds and sapphires. The Duke of Edinborough has never made himself popular among Anglo-Americans, and no doubt this accounts for the lack of all practical interest evinced by the London-American colony in his daughter's marriage.

A much less talked of Royal Wedding is that of the Archduchess Margaretta of Austria. Only one little year ago she was at death's door, and now in a fortnight's time she will be married to the reigning Duke Albert of Wurtemberg. Her wedding jewels are indeed magnificent, each member of the Imperial family having arranged to make their gifts correspond. Rubies and diamonds were the stones chosen, and every packet as it was opened disclosed either a tiara, a pendant, a necklace, parure, or other adornment in the way of opera glasses, smelling bottles, bracelets, etc., one and all enriched with the same jewels.

Of course the London gossip of the week is the Bradley-Martin engagement. Lord Craven is one of the few great catches in the English marriage market; he is the third Earl of the name and is literally connected with half the peerage. As aunts only he can count the Countess Cadogan the Countess of Coventry, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Emily Van der Weyer and Lady Haldon. He can claim first cousinship also to Viscount Chelsea, Viscount Deerhurst, the Hon. Lawrence Palk, the Marquis of Ailesbury and Lady Mabel Sievier. His estates, which good Mr. Isaac Sherman's millions—peace to his bones—will help to rehabilitate, are in Berkshire and the Midlands; Combe Abbey near Coventry, being the most important. The Bradley-Martins have not done so badly after all, and their many years of toadyism seem to have paid well. It is not everyone who can bag an earl nowadays, and after all each one's game is worth their own candle. Miss Bradley-Martin is barely eighteen and is to be presented at the first Queen's Drawing-room. She is not at all pretty, possessing neither her mother's lovely eyes, nor her father's good features, but she has beautiful light hair, and is a very nice girl, although spoilt by too much money. The amount of her dot is still a question; doubtless her grandmother, Mrs. Sherman, will make up a goodly sum. The Martins live

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rather wildly in Scotland, Paris and New York, and even the half of Mr. Sherman's fortune, which was Mrs. Martin's portion, cannot prove sufficient to keep up expenses, and portion off her daughter as well. No date is fixed for the wedding, but the trousseau is to be a Worth conception, and carte blanche as to expense.

Miss Wayne-Cuyler's wedding called forth no enthusiasm in the American circle here. Mr. Harry White, the ubiquitous and always kind, gave her away, which seemed rather funny! But the most curious detail of it all, and the one most laughed over, is the fact of Miss Cuyler having her maid meet her in the vestibule of the church with a large mirror, in which she surveyed her toilette from head to heel, before sailing up the aisle to plight her troth, at the most up-to-date wedding altar of the day. Old-fashioned people—especially Sir Philip's relatives—are still shaking their heads ominously over the little episode, and prophesying that a mirror at a wedding always means bad luck.

The only swagger charity event of the moment is the coming Lyceum theatricals, Mrs. Astor patroness, and to be given on the 20th, at her new house in Carlton House Terrace. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Miss Violet Vanborough and Mr. Gordon Craig, all take part in them; it goes without saying that the venture will prove successful, especially since the Duchess of Manchester,—who, by-the-bye, is looking lovelier than ever in her widow's weeds, is chief patroness. Nothing ever fails which she takes up.

The Dowager Duchess,—now the reigning Duchess of Devonshire, is making every possible effort to sell her house in Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair, to Mrs. Astor. She asks £40,000 for it ($200,000), but Mrs. Astor cannot see her way beyond £30,000, so, for the moment, the bargain remains in statu quo.

Never has any season been so dull; not a single event of interest has enlivened the dead monotony of weeks; to every one, therefore, Mrs. Ronalds's New Year's party came as "a boon and a blessing." Of course, the music was beyond criticism. Miss Palliser again proved herself the sweetest of American songsters, while Miss Mary Moore, Miss Brandram, Mr. Shortis, the American banjo professor, and many other notable artistes contributed eloquently. Mrs. Ronalds wore a most lovely gown of deep amethyst velvet, embroidered up the front of the skirt, across the bodice and sleeves, in fine gold thread and turquoise beads. A wide pelerine collar of forest green velvet was held at the throat by a small sable boa, the tiny head of the pretty little animal making a finish under the chin. Egg-nog was the pièce de resistance, in which national beverage all the Americans present drank everyone's health and prosperity for the coming year.

Mrs. Mackay is, for the moment, in Paris. She goes on shortly to Monte Carlo, for the winter, as does also Mrs. Ayer.

The Duchess of Marlborough has been at Brighton for the last two weeks, living very quietly, and with only Miss Courtney to keep her company. It is quite an assured fact that after her term of mourning she will take a very different position in London society. It was the Duke who always handicapped her, and yet he loved her so devotedly that she cared for nothing but his affection. He never left her unless absolutely obliged, and never without the tenderest farewell. Indeed, all the better and nobler parts of his nature were called out by her, and his death has been a terrible overthrow to her. By the way, let me contradict the rumors current for so long; I have it on the best authority. The Duchess and Lady Blandford have never been under the same roof; have never met except once, and then in the most formal manner; the mistaken episode of the funeral wreath, marked "B. B. B.," not in letters, but "busy-bees," was passed over by the Duchess without comment.

Mr. Emil Bach is among the lucky ones. His opera Ermengild, in which Mme. Valda created such a brilliant success at Covent Garden this winter, is already commanded in rehearsal for Windsor, and will be produced before the Queen in the Waterloo Chamber, directly the court returns from Osborne. Either Mme. Valda or Miss Palliser will fill the title role.

Pale green is the tint of the hour in everything, even jewels. Chrysoprases either engraved in intaglio or plain, but set about with brilliants are the newest fad. Streeter in Bond Street, has the most lovely examples of this charming stone. Bangles mounted with two small hearts circled in diamonds; tiny coronet brooches, hat pins, lace pins, watch dials sunk in the stone, floral sprays for corsage or hair, rings, brooches, even girdles are made of this lovely stone, but always combined with diamonds, which is indeed one of the most refined and most becoming precious jewels known.

Diane.

FLORAL VALENTINES

THere is, doubtless, a difference of opinion between the sexes as to whether one would like to have lived in the days of the estimable and thrifty Mr. Pepys, who, under date of February 14, 1667, writes: "I am this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

To the fair sex a state of things which made it necessary for a man to lay out a substantial sum on his own wife, if he happened to draw her as his Valentine, must have been a delightful one; and when the same cheerful chronicler tells us how gloves, and silk stockings, and "ribands," and even rings and pieces of jewelry were the common gifts, a woman's regret for this truly lavish age must be poignant. The men, we can well believe, look at things from a different point of view, that, namely, of Mr. Pepys himself, who, on finding he has drawn Mrs. Pierce's little girl, is thankful, "this easing me of more that I must have given to others."

Meantime, the pretty old custom which keeps the memory of the martyr Valentinus green, has waxed and waned since Pepys' time, ranging through all the varieties of pretty trinkets, through the sending of anonymous verses of more or less merit and originality, to the deepest depths of the useless in cut and colored paper, and has slowly emerged again from the benighted days of fancy paper bonbonnières to the present poetic and acceptable fashion of sending flowers.

The florists are not the only ones who may rejoice at this; for coming at a season when flowers of all sorts are plenty and cheap, the day may make the room of a popular girl a very bower of blossoms, without absolutely impoverishing her admirers.

What to send? There is an almost endless choice; for not only are roses of every kind, from the stately American Beauty to the delicate Mermet in their glory; but spring flowers of all kinds are to be had, lilacs, white and pale violet, narcissus, jonquils, daisies, lilies-of-the-valley, Roman hyacinths, daffodils, and above all, violets, superb in size and perfume.

If one have but the very smallest amount of poetic fancy in one's composition, it should not be difficult to choose a bunch of blossoms which should bear "sweet speechless messages" from heart to heart, or to find a poet's words unhackneyed and fitting, to convey what refuses to be said in plain prose. Such gifts need not be confined to loose flowers, there are growing plants in full bloom to choose from, waxy bells of cyclamen,—genesta whose yellow

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flowers remind one of the gorse and its pleasing legend, which makes kisses current all the year.

In short, Valentine's Day may be made the excuse for any number of pretty floral follies.

The coincident occurrence of Shrove-Tuesday and Saint Valentine will give many opportunities for the decorators, and the interlaced hearts lately described will no doubt be done to death. A pretty variation of the idea for a green and white supper on that day showed heart-shaped frames of plumy green surrounding each plate, the knot of love-ribbon pierced by the favors, golden arrows (hair-pins for the girls, scarf-pins for the men); while in the centre a charming little group of cupids, half hidden in a green bower, pointed their shafts at one and all.

Pink is the débutante's and, perhaps, the bride's color just now, but, after all, lovers should not give up blue, "the sweetest color that's worn." At a very "young" dance on St. Valentine's Eve this hue will have its innings. The interlaced hearts will be there, but in forget-me-nots, chains of which flower will interlace the plates, two by two, fastened by true lover's knots of pale blue ribbon. The favors for the cotillon will be in keeping with the spirit of the season, heart-shaped lockets, forget-me-not pins of double hearts, or frames of forget-me-nots for the picture of one's Valentine.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

IN our sketch on page 115 we give a suggestion for a Pompadour table at a bazaar. The walking dress in the plate comes from Félix, Faubourg St. Honoré. It is of pearl gray, cream, and maroon velvet. The seated figure wears a Pompadour costume, after La Tour, copied from the one in the Museum of the Louvre. The standing figure wears the costume of Maria Louisa, Empress of Germany, 1769 (Museum of Versailles). The front of the corsage has been modified, and may be made of cream-colored brocade, with a bouquet pattern, in colors. The undersleeves of lace are open in fan shape, and charmingly trimmed with bows and a double row of lace. There are hip pads of large size (according to the court fashions of that century), worn under a gown of silk poplin, showing a broad striped pattern of floral branches between satin lines. High heeled slippers finish the costume. All of the accessories, bric-a-brac, etc., are accurate copies of Pompadour period objects to be found in the Paris museums.

The young girl in the frontispiece wears a walking gown of olive green cloth, made with a short jacket with narrow revers of green velvet. The vest is of green cloth, heavily embroidered with gold and jewels in an Eastern pattern. A band of the embroidery outlines each armhole. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are of olive green velvet. Hat of dark green felt, trimmed with black feathers. A short boa of black feathers is worn around the throat. The skirt is made walking length and faced with suède.

The young man in the picture wears gray and black striped trousers, with white gaiters and patent leather shoes. His three-buttoned frock coat is of rather rough cloth, and is closely buttoned. He has a scarf of white silk tied in a Prince's knot, and a silk hat.

The elderly man has gray trousers and a dark blue overcoat. He also wears a silk hat. He is traveling in the Orient, which is the reason, presumably, that he buttons his coat.

The pretty and popular, but not new costumes on page 117, are as follows: the one showing a trained skirt is of pale lilac, with floral design in a deeper shade mingled with silver threads. Corsage, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, of purple velvet, worn over a plastron of lilac mousseline de soie. The purple velvet girdle and high collar are outlined in silver.

The other has a skirt of pink bengaline, trimmed with rows of marten sable. The low corsage and sleeves are of olive green velvet edged with the same fur. The epaulettes, chemisette and cuffs are of écru guipure, with border of the fur at the throat and wrists.

Two pretty and simple home toilettes are shown on page 114. In one the skirt and corselet are of bronze velvet, made with a train of old gold brocade. The velvet skirt has a wide band of the brocade around the bottom. Full sleeves of gold colored silk, made in two puffs, and terminating in long cuffs of guipure. Corsage of guipure over gold colored silk, and finished at the neck by a ruche.

The seated figure wears a gown of cream-colored China silk, with Dresden flower pattern in magenta. The pointed yoke and cuffs are of magenta velvet embroidered in gold. The corsage is slightly pointed at the waist.

VANITY FAIR

SOme beautiful Italian tapestries ornament the walls of a New York drawing-room, which has been recently furnished by a young married couple. The unartistic long room has been converted into two square ones by means of a partition covered with delicate yellow brocade to match the walls. This is hung with a great square of Florentine tapestry representing ladies and their swains strolling through a wooded glade, all in the softest, most delicate colorings. A space the width of an ordinary doorway, left on one side of the partition, is hung with a pale blue velvet curtain, and gives admittance to the other room. The wall space on each side of the mantel is entirely covered by tapestries, each one depicting some rural scene woven in the fabric with consummate skill. These lovely hangings give a great charm to the room, which is otherwise furnished to correspond. The ceiling is frescoed with cupids, flowers and scrolls as to the corners, while the central space shows white and blue cloud effects. Upon the polished oak floor is laid a rug with centre of plain grayish white, with a border wrought into interlacings and scrolls all in old rose, old blues, dull yellows and gray. The antique chairs show little woodwork. The padded backs and arms are covered with old Florentine silken tapestry, woven, showing great bouquets of flowers in fade colors, mixed with dull gold threads on a gray ground. A band of gilded woodwork at the top and down the arms, and curved claw feet of dull gold finish these chairs, which are severely simple in form. They were formerly part of the furniture of a palace in Pisa. The carved white marble mantel, pure and delicate in design, is simply draped with a scarf of old pink silk, brocaded with a floral pattern. The same silk forms a drapery over the white and gold door which gives entrance to the room from the hall, and which, on the inner side has no portière. Upon the mantel are old silver candelabra, standing on each side of a great shell of white marble, upheld by nude figures. Pale blue velvet curtains hang from the windows, and are drawn aside with dull gold cords. The curtains are lined with a charming Florentine silk of old blue, with a pattern of dull pink roses scattered irregularly over the surface. The space between the windows is occupied by a Venetian mirror with frame wrought in bronze and gold, and before it stands a gilded table covered with a square of old brocade. This holds a vase of white lilies. A long mirror over the mantel matches the one between the windows, and on each side of the latter are sconces of bronze and gold holding wax candles.

All the furnishings of this pretty room were brought from Italy, where they were gathered together during the wanderings of the young couple in that land of enchantment.

Two skating costumes, made from Parisian models, merit description. The first of these is of old pink cloth, with round skirt trimmed with three bands of dark brown fur four inches apart. It is faced with silk of the same color. A balayeuse of lace and ribbon of the same color made in coquilles is sewed around the inner side of the skirt. The corsage, of the same cloth, has a narrow band of fur outlin-

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ing the waist. The full sleeves are of brown velvet with tight cuffs of the pink cloth finished by a row of fur at the wrists. Three little capes of brown velvet lined with pink satin edged with fur, are worn with the dress, also a toque of old pink velvet bordered by a row of the brown fur. The muff of old pink cloth is tied in a bow of the same at the top and edged with fur. It is suspended from the neck by an old rose ribbon.

The second costume, of black cloth, has a band of tartan velvet around the edge of the skirt. On each side of the band is a narrow border of black Persian lamb. The short tight corsage of Persian lamb with Medici collar is finished by leg-o'-mutton sleeves and girdle of the tartan velvet. The velvet in this instance is in shades of wood browns with lines of rich scarlet to relieve the rather sombre tints. The little hat with undulating brim is of black felt, turned up behind and trimmed with tartan velvet bows and black plumes.

Some novel effects in lighting the table were observed at a recent dinner. An oblong plateau covered with pale pink velvet occupied the centre of the table, and from this arose slender columns of pink twisted glass, each one bearing at the top a lily of the same glass in which was set the light. The glass columns were not all of the same height, and the light which shone through the lily shaped globes was soft, rosy and becoming. Garlands of asparagus vines and ivy were wound about the shafts, and a charming arrangement of ferns and pink roses lay upon the plateau mingled with the vines. At each end of the table a pink bowl contained ferns and pink roses. The table cloth was of fine white French damask woven with the crest from the family coat-of-arms ; at each corner a large square of guipure was set in.

A dinner gown recently worn in Paris has a skirt of white silk with narrow stripes, rather far apart, of alternate black and yellow. The skirt, round in shape, is outlined on the bottom by an edge of narrow black fur surmounted by a band of yellow velvet. The corsage is of the same velvet, and has epaulettes which fall over short puffed sleeves of the striped silk. In front the bodice is draped with black lace, which is caught up in the centre by a bow of yellow satin ribbon. There is a wide wrinkled girdle of the striped silk, and the hair, worn in a knot at the back of the head, is ornamented with an aigrette of feathers.

A Félix gown worn by a young American lady in Vienna is a charming creation. The skirt is of white silk, brocaded in a design of fuchsias of purplish red, in clusters. Upon the bottom of the skirt is a black feather trimming, lightened by bouquets of fuchsias at regular intervals. The bodice is low in the neck and is of fuchsia velvet, with deep epaulettes of the same falling over full puffed sleeves of white silk muslin. It is V shaped, opening from the waist line over a stomacher of the white silk muslin, which is finished at the bust, by a falling cluster of fuchsias. Long white suède gloves are worn with this costume.

There are no trains to either of the above gowns, which have round shaped skirts measuring four and a half yards at the bottom. They are stiffened with crinoline facing half a yard in depth, under a lining of satin to match the prevailing colors of the gowns.

The birthday of a fashionable young man was celebrated a few days ago by a dinner given to twenty-one bachelor friends, at which some very good decorations were seen. The table was a long oval covered with a cloth of fine white linen richly embroidered with fleur-de-lys worked in white floss. A long oval mirror spanned by arches of the same occupied the central space. Over these arches which were about nine inches high, were wreathed vines and flowers which were reflected in the mirror beneath with charming effect. The table was lighted by wax candles in silver candelabra, and the little silk shades were alternately pink and mauve color which produced a soft light that was most agreeable. A folded sheet of note paper, pale blue in color, with gilded edges, lay upon each plate, containing the name of a guest and indicating his place at the table. On opening the paper it was seen to be the menu, and upon each one, at the upper left-hand corner, was a charming figure of a dancer. One showed the figure of a skirt dancer in pale mauve costume, with big hat and feathers, dainty slippers and stockings of the same shade. Her wide spread skirts showed a perfect snow drift of lace ruffles beneath, and in the corner of the page in tiny gold letters was the following device :

Ta-ra-ra
Boom de ay.

The menu showed a dainty dinner to come. It was

Oysters,
Bisque of écrevisses.
Olives, radishes, celery.
Pompano, mâitre d' hotel.
Parisian potatoes.
Filet of beef with mushrooms.
French peas.
Coquilles of sweetbreads à la Lucullus.
Sorbet.
Roast partridges.
Celery with mayonnaise.
Ices, Tutti frutti.
Fruit.
Cheese, coffee.

Besides the menu each bachelor had a favor characteristic of the man, at his place. The musical man a little guitar of silver filigree and so on. The dinner was delightfully served and was a success in every way.

VOGUE'S DRAWING OF CORSETS

The charming modern styles of corsets that adorned the middle pages of the 4th of February issue of Vogue are purchasable of the Pansy Corset Company, and B. Altman & Co.

CORRESPONDENCE

MORALITY AND THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB

To the Editor of Vogue :

Dear Madam :

THE recent début of the Vaudeville Club has given rise to an amount of discussion which, in my humble opinion, is out of all proportion to its merits. Journalistic and ecclesiastical drums have been beaten with a degree of vigor worthy of a better cause. The success of the Club has served as a text for homilies upon the decadence of society in general, and New York society in particular. One social functionary, whose claims to the leadership of society's elect have not been undisputed, "sees (if he has been correctly quoted) in this Club an insidious attempt to introduce European morals into our society." He objects to the Club because it is a "sorry spectacle" to see young girls sitting at a variety entertainment after midnight in the company of men who are smoking and drinking. He also considers the late hours a very serious objection. As the above is a fair sample of the grounds upon which other would-be moralists have based their attacks, as a matter of fairness, would-be critics ought to ascertain whether the actual facts of the case warrant the finding of such an indictment. For instance, does the Distinguished Critic referred to, mean to maintain that the prolonging of any social function until the unholy hour of one A. M., or even later, is wrong and objectionable as tending to impair society's liver and other digestive organs? If so, how much have the Patriarchs

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Balls, not to mention other less distinguished dances, to answer for in the way of shattered digestions and wrecked livers?

It may be that the Distinguished Critic considers the Vaudeville Club in the light of a "last straw" destined to break the already over-burdened back of society. But as a matter of justice let us give this "last straw" some chance, even if we have to sacrifice some of the old straws which have been reposing for so many years in peaceful security upon society's hump.

The next objection is a little hard to answer, inasmuch as one is left in doubt as to whether the Distinguished Critic means to charge that the young girl is a "sorry spectacle" because she is sitting at a variety show, or because she is in the company of men who are smoking and drinking, or that the combination of all these is a "sorry spectacle."

Assuming that each and every one of the above alternatives was in the Distinguished Critic's mind, let us consider them seriatim.

I think that all fair-minded people who have considered the subject at all, will agree with me that a so-called variety show is not necessarily vulgar or low. Variety artists are in the main, hard-working, honest people, whose moral characters would certainly not suffer in comparison with the characters of society's chosen ones. Their occupations, as a rule, demand the most rigid adherence to the laws of health and morality, and assuredly, no woman, be she young or old, could run the remotest risk of moral taint in witnessing their performances. If comparisons were not always odious, I would venture to assert that compared with most of the plays produced nightly at our first class theatres, and to which the "young girl" is taken as a matter of course, the ordinary "variety show" is far less injurious from a moral standpoint. No woman or child can ever be injured by witnessing a good clean "variety show."

That her moral tone is lowered by being in the company of her father, brother, or other male friend, when he is smoking and drinking, is a proposition that only the most narrow minded Puritan would maintain. Smoking and drinking in moderation are, in the estimation of most people, innocent occupations in themselves. Are they any less so because pursued in the company of ladies, and amid refined surroundings? Is not the wholesome restraint which the presence of a good woman usually imposes of distinct benefit to the man? The answers to these questions are so obvious as to leave no room for argument.

What, then, becomes of the statement that the Vaudeville Club is an insidious attempt to introduce European morals in our society? Surely this is giving an importance to a very harmless experiment which the facts do not warrant. I trust the morality of New York society stands on too sound a basis to be overthrown because a few of its members choose to indulge in a new, and apparently inocuous form of amusement.

European morals, whatever they may be, have no more to do with the case than American morals. The nonsense talked and trash written about the corrupting influence of European customs upon our freeborn citizens, would be laughable if it were not for the fact that many good people are misled thereby. Our trans-Atlantic cousins return the compliment, however.

Some years ago, when at a London dinner party, I was attacked by my neighbor, a woman of some prominence in London society, on the subject of Americans in London. To my amazement she solemnly assured me that we Americans were responsible for the "present low condition of London society." She ascribed to what she designated as the "American influence" the deterioration of London morals and manners. I found argument was useless, and left her unconvinced.

The fact is, the moral standard of all communities depends upon the people composing those communities, and not upon their customs. New York society can make the Vaudeville Club, or any other form of social amusement, low, vulgar and immoral, if its members are low, vulgar and immoral. What makes the ordinary music hall vulgar is the fact that the audiences are mainly so. The performances are necessarily attuned to the same key, and an atmosphere of vulgarity consequently prevails.

The eternal law of supply and demand applies here as elsewhere. I am informed by the projectors of the Vaudeville Club that their sole aim is to furnish its members and their friends with an opportunity to enjoy an evening's entertainment of a light order, amid pleasant surroundings. Not a lofty aim, indeed, but innocent and harmless enough in all conscience.

If this is an insidious attempt to introduce European morals into New York society, which will result in sending it to the "demnition bow-wows," then is the Distinguished Critic right in his strictures on the Vaudeville Club, and I, for one, will acknowledge him a true prophet. D.

BONNETS IN THE THEATRE

To the Editor of Vogue:

Dear Madam:

FOr several years past the efforts of theatrical managers to induce women to wear no bonnets at evening performances, in our best theatres, have been wholly ineffective. Polite requests have been ignored, while newspaper sarcasm has proved to be mere waste of words.

It has been reserved for Mr. Henry Burden McDowell to triumph over the obstinacy of lovely woman, and to secure to a New York audience the new and highly pleasurable sensation of seeing a stage performance without the mutilation or semi-obliteration of the scene by cart-wheel hats, surmounted by towering hearse-like black plumes, or the thousand other varieties of head-gear invented by milliners. At the opening of the Theatre of Arts and Letters on the night of December 15th, an audience appeared, for the first time in New York, bonnetless.

This is an epoch worthy of commemoration by the erection of a marble arch somewhere near the milliners' quarter, say in the open space below the Worth Monument. When one says bonnetless, it is meant that in the lower part of the house only two concoctions of the bonnet species could be discovered. One of these must be pardoned, as it was the meekest of plain black bonnets, worn by an elderly lady who had forgotten to bring her cap. The other one was nothing more than a shining, greenish, scaly snake coiled in a tuft of lace, with a humming-bird poised above it.

These remarks do not apply to matinées, for women must go there at two o'clock, and often from a shopping round from out of town, arriving by railway and ferry, by street cars or on foot, but can anything be less beautiful, not to say more hideous, than an audience of women at a matinée.

Young, pretty women should always seek opportunities to wear evening dress (not of necessity decolleté) and especially to discard bonnets on the ground of mere becomingness. Even at "Teas" no one looks half so well as the hostess and her assistants, with simple gowns and no bonnets.

On the occasion referred to, everybody remarked how extremely well every one else looked, and how charming was the whole house, which was not that of an omnium gatherum of costumes worn on ferry-boats, in the street or even on the daily round of family errands.

In Paris, a man who originates anything new in society, though it be a single successful bon-mot, has made his place —he is "lancè"—Will this be the just reward of Mr. Henry McDowell's new sensation, and benefaction to the public of theatre-goers? Bonnet Reformer.

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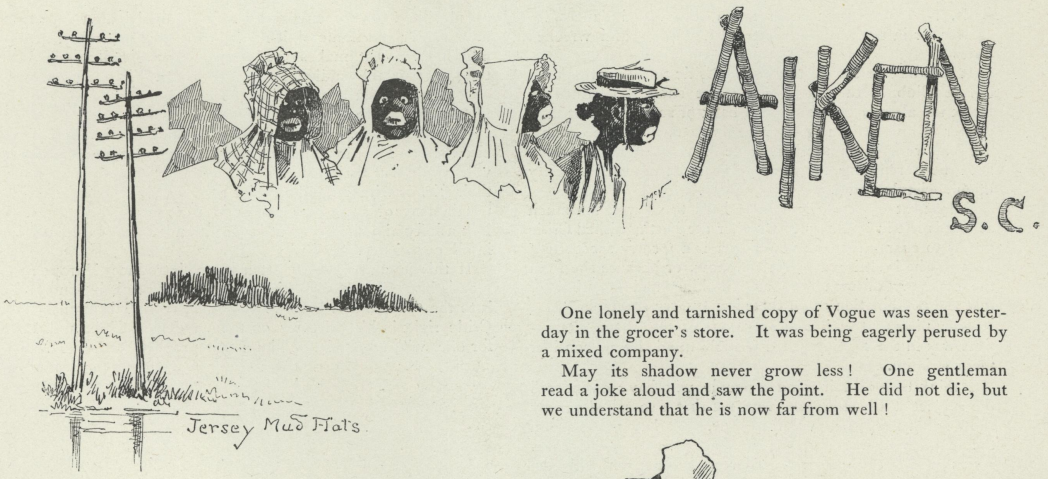

FASHION NOTES FROM AIKEN

Aiken, January, 1893.

When our train reached this place two hours late, we remarked to each other with a smile: "Ah! we have read that the effect of the sunny, southern sky and the balmy air is to make the southern character a languid and inconsequential one. Of course under those circumstances it would be absurd to imagine for an instant that we would or could be less than a couple of hours behind time."

As a matter of curiosity we questioned the gentleman who was kind enough to brush us off, as to whether the train had ever reached here as scheduled.

"Oh yes, Massa," he replied with pomposity, "once, las' yea'!"

The southern character must be an easily formed one, for dolce far niente reigns in spite of a cold snap that makes the couple of forlorn turtle doves from the "Balmy North" yearn for their furnace-warmed houses and coal-heated brick walls. It may be healthy to find that Jack Frost has impudently stolen a kiss from one's eyelids and the end of one's nose during the night, and to omit much material ablution, owing to a general disinclination to turn oneself into a skating pond. It reminds one of early school days when, on hearing the rising bell, we would tumble out and break the ice in our pitchers with our boot heels. Certainly in the methods of keeping warm they are behind us in these parts. However, I must admit that the southern brunettes have forestalled New York fashions by at least a year. They are conspicuous by their "fin de siècle" head gear. The brilliant trio of poke bonnets shown above is certainly what we seem to be coming to, although the shape is perhaps not quite sufficiently coal-scuttle-ish. They vary in size and check, but the forms are identically the same. A little garden of sweet peas peeping from under the brim of one, would perhaps add to the chaste effect.

The "jeune fille" in the sailor hat, white elastic and Psyche knot, is a "Summer Girl," and is very popular with the youths of the place.

Gowns are worn without trains and somewhat curtailed, and carpet slippers with square toes, occasionally decorated with beaded parrots of gay plumage, are, with Chicago feet and galoshes, the prevailing fashion.

One lonely and tarnished copy of Vogue was seen yesterday in the grocer's store. It was being eagerly perused by a mixed company.

May its shadow never grow less! One gentleman read a joke aloud and saw the point. He did not die, but we understand that he is now far from well!

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